

# The Celtic Magazine.

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## DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

[BY REV. JOHN KENNEDY.]

DUNCAN MACINTYRE was born at Druimliaghart in Glenorchy, in March, 1724. As was the common custom in the Highlands, Duncan had a popular epithet applied to him "Donnacha Ban nan Oran" i.e., Fair-haired Duncan of the songs. As his parents were poor, he never attended school and never learned to read, and in this respect there is a marked contrast between himself and Macdonald. Of his youth we know nothing, save that he was very fond of fowling and fishing, and that he composed nothing worthy of preservation till his twenty-second year. He was persuaded by Mr. Fletcher of Glenorchy, as his substitute, to join the Royalist Army—in this also a contrast to the former poet. He was present at the battle of Falkirk where he either lost or threw away the sword given to him by Fletcher—a circumstance which recalls a similar episode in the life of Horace, who also was a greater poet than soldier. Fletcher therefore refused to pay Macintyre, but he had eventually to yield to the good offices of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose gamekeeper Duncan became shortly afterwards. He had thus ample opportunity of studying nature in her varied aspects and forms, which, as we shall see, he put to good account.

He served six years in the Breadalbane Fencibles, and attained the rank of sergeant; but when that regiment was broken up in 1799, he became one of the City-guard of Edinburgh. In this position he remained till 1806, when he retired on the savings thus made, supplemented by the profits of his poems. The first edition was published in 1768, and the fifth and last in 1848. The poet died in Edinburgh on the 14th of May, 1812, at the ad-

vanced age of eighty-eight. His personal appearance in youth seems to have been specially handsome, and during his whole life he was an agreeable and pleasant companion, whose wit and power of repartee were of an unusually high order.

It is very difficult to classify Macintyre's poems as they deal with such a variety of subjects and interests. Of him it was specially true—*poeta nascitur non fit*. All his inspiration was inborn and not drawn from the works of his predecessors. But his is not a wild or untutored genius—rather that of a man who sees clearly, feels keenly, and must find expression for his vivid impressions. Like Macdonald's all his pieces are lyric. He had a keen sense of humour which finds scope in his first poem—"Falkirk Field"—in which he undertakes an explanation and vindication of his conduct in throwing away his sword. It is done very much in the style of Horace, who refers amusingly to a similar incident in his experience, and adopts a similar ground of defence. Duncan Ban frankly states that the only resource left was not the gun, but flight. Their flight was as if a hound had scattered sheep. He returned home, but met with no kindly response—he had lost his sword, which he describes as an edge-less lump of iron with a twist in the hilt; so heavy that it bruised his side, and like an alder tree in size. Why should one ask what became of it? A sword of ill-luck, that could neither hew nor cut, and with the soot or rust of ages on it. Let it be forever forgotten.

Before passing to the proper division and discussion of the poems we may notice one—"Another Ode to Falkirk"—which was withheld from publication during the lifetime of the bard because it is so strongly Jacobite—almost breathing the same spirit as most of Macdonald's similar effusions. It deals with the battles of Falkirk and Culloden; and Iain Macruaridh, whom he highly praises, is supposed to stand for Prince Charles Edward. He playfully alludes to the Royalist retreat, which he attributes to lack of proper command, and says that Calum MacPharig and himself quickly disappeared, else it might prove a serious matter for them. His praise is all bestowed on the Jacobites; and he adds, that if the Camerons and Macdonalds should receive "*Cothrom na Feinne*"—the fair-play of the Fingalians, no power in Europe could prevent the deposition of King George. He

regrets the victory of Culloden as it implies the loss of land by the Highlanders, and also the exchange of their national garb—kilt and hose and bonnet, for trousers, grey-coat, and hat—the result of the loss of the nation's fame. The song closes with the hope that better days are in store, when Charles shall be restored.

There is also a companion piece containing some humour, and directed against the change of dress. King George's rightful abode is Hanover, not London. He is a stranger here, and has done us a vast deal of harm. In our altered garb it is impossible for us to recognise each other at market-time or on festive occasions. It is a dress we can never take kindly to, and most unfit for free movement on the hills. Deprived of our arms and liberty we know now the kindness of Duke William and appreciate the claims of Charles. Thus ends the poet's admiration of and tribute to the Stewart cause. In the rest of his poems King George receives due homage.

Perhaps the most convenient division of Macintyre's songs and poems is the following:—Songs of sentiment; songs of war; satiric pieces; and descriptive poems. Only a selection of each can be given.

I. *Songs of Sentiment*—The ode to John Campbell of the Bank, is a fine lyric composition, indicating a delicate taste and tact. Campbell's generosity and good nature are touched upon; the position assigned him as custodian of part of the nation's wealth; his horsemanship and the choice steeds that he rode—fleet, strong, spirited, well-shaped, fiery, free, sure-footed, with high heads and ears erect, and full of proud mettle.

His armour is next dwelt upon—A brand-new, yellow, thick-plaited shield, a silver-mounted sword, hard and unbending, with thin sharp two-edged blade grasped by a sure hand; a ready, good pistol that never deceives. His personal prowess and brave qualities are next noted. A bright and beaming countenance bespeaking much kindness; eyebrows without gloom and joyful eyes. A beautiful brow, and cheeks ruddy as the rose: but better, wise thoughts combine with courage, judgment and ready expression; his home, hospitality, and consequent fame are finally adverted to.

One of the most touching and popular of these songs is the

"Ode to his Young Spouse," which is still one of the most frequently sung and best known. It begins:—

"A Mhàiri bhàn òg, 's tu'n òigh th'air m'aire,  
 Rì 'm bheò bhi far am bithian fhéin ;  
 O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòir 's bu mhath leam,  
 Le pòsadh ceangailt' o'n chléir,  
 Le cumhnanta teann 's le banntaibh daingean,  
 'S le snaim a dh'fhanas, nach tréig :  
 'S e t' fhaotainn air làimh le gradh gach caraid  
 Rinn slàinte mhaireann a'm' chré."

The fact that he has thus received her with all the sanctions of the church, that they are bound with a knot which cannot be untied, that all have approved the ceremony gives him a new lease of life. In many stanzas he describes their first interview, his impressions—indelible as they proved, her beauty, Cupid's dart entering his heart—a sickness that no physician could cure, only the approval of the beloved object. Her charms are set forth under the figure of a fruit-laden branch which no hand but the bard's could take away. She excels in generous disposition—benevolent, benign, and kindly to the poor, feeble, and needy—her reward being found in her labour. Her beauty of mind finds expression in congenial conversation ; and her household duties are those in which she shines most. The concluding verse contains the poet's determination to prove worthy of such a spouse—by providing all needful and profitable things, and by refraining from all that can offend or displease.

Another song to one of the same name—*Mary*—but not to the same person, is in a similar strain, and contains some fine and happy illustrations. An instance may be given. The proverb says that oak surpasses other wood, and that a wedge of itself is what best splits it in pieces. Hence he concludes that one of the same family shall succeed best in wooing and winning her. In wealth of epithet Duncan Ban is not a whit behind Macdonald, and the purity and idiom of his Gaelic are secured by his non-acquaintance with any other language. A frequent comparison is—a foot so light that the tiniest grass remains unbent. His only dread is that he, or the one in whose name he speaks, is not sufficiently rich to attract her attention, and states a dozen things that have helped to lighten his purse—drinking, feasting, weddings, music, society, merchants, markets, senti-



mental gifts, folly, and youth—neither a logical nor an accurate enumeration.

Still another of this sort is the "Oran Sugraidh," in shorter metre and in livelier style, and containing references to the common custom of sending cattle during summer to the hills, from which they were brought back towards the end of harvest. Some persons were sent in charge, or regularly went long distances daily. There is also a comic reference to going to Edinburgh to learn English, showing how few comparatively spoke it at that time in the Highlands—

"Bheir mis' thu Dhuinèideann  
A dh' ionnsachadh Beurla,  
'S cha 'n fhàg mi thu t'èigin,  
Ri spreidh an fhir mhoir."

In yet another short piece there is a very curious recipe proposed for recovering the affections of the beloved object. The maiden is desired to rise early on Sunday morning, to go to a level stone, to have the congregation's blessing, and a priest's hood. This last, along with a wooden shovel, is to be put upon the shoulder. Nine ferns, cut by an axe, and three bones of an old man taken from the grave, are to be burnt to ashes, and the ashes to be thrown against the north wind, on the loved one's breast. When this charm-ceremony is performed, the end in view is assured. It is akin to the love-potions and charms of other nations, which were supposed to possess great virtue: and still there are some of these superstitious practices in vogue.

II. *The Songs of War*—which include songs composed in honour of warriors, of warlike instruments, and of the Highland dress and language. Duncan Ban, unlike many other poets similarly situated, did not sing the praises of a past and golden age of heroes, but confined himself to the period in which he lived. The men and manners of his own time occupied his thoughts; and he succeeded well in portraying them.

To show how completely he accepted the Hanoverian Dynasty, we have only to turn to the "Ode to the King." Our land, he says, has prospered greatly since this king was crowned, whose great-grandfather owned this country's sway. He can hold his own in combat with any king in Europe; and while others are losing their territories, his are daily increasing and strengthened.

Although the poet was entirely unlettered, he seems to have picked up some information about classic mythology—for he says, continuing his eulogy—"Mars aided thee on the field of battle, Æolus sent favouring gales, and Neptune gave thee the full benefit of his watery domain. Thy fortresses are strong and the foe fears to approach. The French made a foolish attempt, but soon came to terms. The Queen of Hungary discovered how vain it was to wage war against thee; and the Indian kings fared no better. In the four quarters of the globe thou hast possessions and people." This may be taken as a kind of anticipation of the current designation of the dominions of Queen Victoria, as the Empire upon which the sun never sets. He further states that the sanctions of religion are now regarded, that law and Parliament protect the people; that theft, raiding, and persecution are at an end. From prince to peasant, all receive justice and are satisfied. The earth is fruitful, cattle thrive, deer are on the hills, fish are abundant, and gold is plentiful in the reign of George; who has placed a bridge on every stream, cleared the highways, planted a school in every glen, that our children may be educated; and restored the Highland arms and garb—what we most desired.

The ode to Nic-Coiseam—the gun—is written as if it were to a companion of the bard. Climbing hills he is happy, if his gun is on his shoulder. He regrets not the purchase of it in Glenloch, and enumerates the various places to which he had taken it. By it in Coire Cheathaich the deer and the hinds often fell. In Beinn-a'-Chaisteil too, Màm, Creag-an-aparain and Beinn-nam-fuaran; but specially in Beinn-dòrain, "where dwell the antlered deer whose roar I loved to hear." In Coire-Chruitear also, in Glen Eitidh, Meall-a-bhuraidh and Beinn-a'-chrulaist, and in many other haunts familiar to the stalker.

A similar ode on the same subject, but written very much later, takes a form not uncommon in Gaelic poetry—that of apostrophising things specially useful and constantly employed. The gun is here addressed as a fair woman beloved by the bard. For twenty years previously he was attached to one; but she has at last forsaken him. He found his way to Edinburgh where Captain Campbell directed him to a widow—a city-guard gun—

whose regard he might and did win. She is called *Fanet* and the grand-daughter of King George. To Nic-Coiseam and the deer he bids an affecting adieu ; but does not regret the change, as he finds congenial companionship and a competency in his new sphere. *Fanet* is pleasant, comely, straight, without fault or failing, without a bend or twist. She provides the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life, and never disobeys or deceives. Altered circumstances affect him agreeably—and he quaintly adds, that the idle man is said to be he who lives the longest.

We may next take up the six prize-poems on the Gaelic Language and Bag-pipes—a series of poems composed for the Highland Society in London, one of whose primary objects was the preservation and improvement of Highland poetry and music. The first of these was written in 1781. It opens with a compliment to this Society for aiding in reviving and preserving the old language and customs of the Gael, which he dates, as was then customary, from the days of Adam. He pays an eloquent tribute to his mother tongue, as the most melodious to the ear, and making such headway, that even the Saxons admit it to be of value. He deprecates that it should die, since it is the best for conveying amusement and merriment, the fittest for the music of pipe and harp, and as the vehicle of song. It gladdens the saddest heart, and it is the most effective in satire.

The second was written in 1782, and treats the same subject in a similar manner. There is a return on the part of the rulers to the native dress previously forbidden. The bagpipes are pointed out as requisite at weddings and in war, to enliven in the one case, and to embolden in the other ; as useful to awaken in the morning, but best in the jovial evening time.

The third appeared in the following year. Fresh illustrations are used to adorn the same subjects. Gaelic is specially appropriate in the services of the sanctuary, on account of its deep emotional character. There is reference made to the special division of a Gaelic poem already alluded to—*Urlar*, *Siubhal* and *Crunluath*—and to the readiness with which Gaelic words and melodies lend themselves to the sad and pathetic or to the cheerful and martial.

The fourth appeared in 1784, dealing with the same subjects in much the same strain, and making mention of Fionn, Goll and Garadh and the rest of the Fingalian heroes, in whose halls the martial music commended here, resounded.

The fifth was written in 1785; and alludes to the restoration of the land formerly forfeited to the original owners, and the consequent prospective prosperity of the Highlands—at least as long as their language, music and flag remain united.

The sixth and last appeared in 1789—still discussing the same subjects with increasing interest. There is a minute account given of the materials of which the bagpipe is made—The chanter is made of hard wood from Jamaica, and sound perfectly; ribbons and knots of silk adorn the conspicuous points; the reed is finely secured by delicate threads; and all the parts harmonise. The piece ends with the hope and prediction that the language and music of heroes of such importance and of such renown, as they date from the earliest times, may continue the longest.

Next come a series of poems in praise of the Highland Clans, enumerating their claims to fame, and the various deeds they had achieved in battle. It was customary from the earliest times for warriors to have minstrels to sing and commemorate their deeds of valour. In this form we have a great deal of literature in most languages, and the Celts form no exception to the rule. To some extent that tendency survives in the poetry of Duncan Ban. The story, if not the history, of the old Highland regiment—"The Black Watch"—is recorded in glowing terms. The strength and stature of the soldiers are attributed to their residence among the hills, and to their well-known habit of hunting the deer, and other sports. Their bravery was shown at Fontenoy. In the description of their armour their flint guns are mentioned, and their swords are said to be their castles. This has always been one of the best known and bravest of Highland regiments. The "Argyleshire Highlanders" are next dwelt upon—a regiment whose tradition was not to make a backward step; and whose crest contains the Scottish thistle, a fit emblem of the havoc made by them among their enemies. In difficulty or in danger, who so fit as they to give relief?

After thirty years of compulsory wearing of a foreign dress,

permission was granted to the Highlanders to return to their wonted garb, which fact the poet omits not to celebrate. He lived in Edinburgh at the time and was cognizant of all movements affecting the interests of his native country. The bagpipes and kilt were once more produced, and none dared to pronounce the bearer or wearer a rebel. In the estimation of the bard, the choice youth appeared as old men after assuming the hateful dress. That this should have been felt so keenly, can hardly be realised by those who do not consider that the change amounted to a suppression of the national sentiment. But now that liberty has been restored through the instrumentality of the chief of the Grahams, all will again be well.

In close connection with this subject is the restoration of the land—in 1782 above alluded to, but more directly discussed in an "Ode to the clans," who now receive their long-usurped rights. It is a very spirited piece, and vividly describes the situation. The nations rejoice because the brave youth who behaved so admirably—shoulder to shoulder—with pure purpose and proved fidelity, have their worth thus acknowledged. The true sons of Clan Donald, numerous, brave and valorous—that came to give their aid, were victorious at every step, as was their wont, ascending quick and fleet of foot, with grey lance closed in their hand. In the same way all the other clans have their bravery and success set forth. The poem closes thus. Right has come and wrong has gone. Our hearts do leap for joy. Brave noblemen now are glad, and go with light step and songful heart. The people set up bonfires on the high hills. This is the year that has concluded peace—truly a tale of joy. It may be added that it was only two or three years later that the question of the forfeited estates was finally settled.

Nor does he forget to sing the virtues of the national drink, which is supposed to cheer and make lively, to make one warm when the day is cold, and to render cool when the weather is hot; and also to prove an antidote in almost all kinds of diseases. The style is lively—

"O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,  
'S a dh-bl sinn na bh' againn  
'S i chòir dol a chadal  
O'n thàinig an t-àm," etc.

(To be continued.)

## A HIGHLAND ESTATE, 1792-1800.

[By THOS. SINCLAIR, M.A.]

*(Continued.)*

THE districts nearer the mansion were subject to many feudal services. John Mean's widow and son William in Dachow have, with a money rent of £3 10s 8d, in 1794, to pay threshing money 1s 1½d, fox money 1s, 5 hens 2s 6d, a dozen eggs 3d, 12 feet of peats at 1s 8d per foot (though next year 1s 8d is added for a deficiency in peats); and spinning money runs through every account to 1800. Their highest yearly total is £15 14s 10d, one of the items to pay to the laird being a sillock pock, 1s. Janet Martin pays 2s for making a plough by John Mackintosh, the Inverness joiner, no doubt a wooden one, and gives about 8 hesps a year to Mr Wilson of spinning, with various other sums and services. On removal Widow Mean gets a receipt in full, signed E. INNES, the Lady. Neil Roy has one year pointed cattle by John Brown, but this entry is almost as invariable as the rent to all the crofters. Donald Elder is 11s in John Brown's list, 1799. The proprietor's mode of helping him to a house is worth noting, "Quarrying and carrying flags to Donald Elder's house, 12s; 3 days' quarrying the flags, 3s; 2 double horse-carts and 2 oxen-carts carrying them 2 days, and the paddock a few days, at which all the servants were employed, 9s—in all, 12s." As against this there is the generous entry, more after the manner of English than Highland landlords, "Allowance for building a new house, ordered by Major Innes, £10." Finlay Elder's widow gets credit for her husband's work as a mason thus:—25 days' work at repairing houses at Borlum in 1798, £2 5s; building the smith's house, 1799, 1 ro. 4 yds. 1 ft. 9 in. at 21s, and a vent 5s, £1 8s 5d; shop for George Campbell, 1800, in conjunction with Wm. M'Komas, 2 ro. 15 yds. 4 ft. 4 in. at 21s; 4 yards peatstones and 15 yards double tabling at 3d; 2 chimneys at 5s—amounting in all to £3 7s 1d. He pays for a cart-box to John Mackintosh, the joiner, 6s, and the almost universal swine fine of 5s, fine not meaning that swine were not to be kept, but so profitable that a rent of five shillings

was necessary for them. Donald Forbes did 115 yards of the ditch in the Blair, for which he received 9s 7d; and for a ditch from Donald Roy's loch, measured 26th April, 1796, he had 9s 4½d. George Bain has "cash paid to Wm. MacComas, 15th Dec., 1796, as part payment of building the walls of the house at Knockfin, £2 2s." He rents the links of Reay at £1 6s 8d. Iron was dear, for he pays for a used clading of pair of wheels 6s, an old cart-box costing 1s only. Widow Oag has a balance of £1 18s 2d which was met thus:—"By an allowance made her in consideration of her son being the first recruit enlisted for Major Innes for the Caithness Legion." Sandy Campbell, New Reay, has an allowance by Major Innes for recruiting for the Caithness Legion, £2; and Sandy, being ingenious, gets also 4s for a chest, and 1s 10d for a rat trap. He got John Sutherland the cooper's land, and he would seem to be the gamekeeper, for there are these entries, "By four-fifths more game killed by him for the Lady at 2½d, 1s; and two salmon, one 8½ lbs, the other 8 lbs, at 4d, 5s 6d." The game and fish were paid for to their value, which is curious, as if the Lady had no property in them. For calling the roup at Sandside he got 1s probably a sale of accumulations at the mansion-farm. Robert Macleod, merchant, New Reay, supplies groceries and "goods" to the laird, varying from £1 3s, to £5 by the year, which Mrs Macdonald, the maid used to pay. He is charged for a new wheelbarrow, made by John Mackintosh, and for mending a chest, 5s; and for breaking a wheelbarrow from Sandside 10s 6d, which must have been a very good one by comparison to his own. He charges Mrs Innes with her share of a boat from Thurso 6s. Donald Macaskill's widow is debited with her rent, for the price of 3 lbs lint spinning imperformed 2s 3d, and for "the postage of a letter from London respecting her sons money 1s." She had credited "cash received by Mrs Innes from her son now in America, £20." On the debtor side there is "cash paid for extracting the decret against her husband to Mr Robeson, 5s; and a precept of ejection against him, omitted in its place, 5s 10d," but what this legal event was, in short and simple annals of these rural lives, is lost to chronicling. The money from America appears to have played destruction to the widow and her daughter, for Neil Mackay enters their posses-



sion at Whitsunday, 1797. Donald Macleod and Donald Bain were tailors, holding small crofts, while Thomas Macryrie was the shoemaker, with such entries as, "By repairing a pair of boots for Major Innes in November, 1797, 2s 6d; by making and mending shoes for Major Innes, winter 1799-1800, per Mrs Macdonald's note, 7s 10d; by making a pair of clogs for Mrs Innes, 3s" [possibly for visiting her cattle]; "Mending a pair of shoes for Mrs Innes, 9d, and by making and mending shoes for Miss Dolly, 4s 6d.

No entries are more curious and instructive than those of Widow Innes and Donald Farquhar, her brother or near relation, partners of Reay Inn and the township of old Reay. She is the grandmother of the present tenant of Sandside home and sheep farms, as well as of farms on other estates, and the mother of the late William Innes, Reay Inn, her husband James having come from Thrumster, Wick parish, to be grieve at Sandside about the middle of the eighteenth century. On 29th July, 1795, the debtor account is, to balance due 14th March, 1794, £23 6s, interest, 9s 10d; rent due out of the town of Reay at Martinmas, 1794, £30; to brewing dues, 13s 8d; interest on ditto, deducing payments, 18s 1d; to whisky delivered to James Innes by Benjamin Henderson, 2nd April, 1794, £2 2s 6d. N.B.—Donald Farquhar's proportion of the rent of Reay is £6 10s sterling yearly: total, £57 10s 1d. The *contra* is, 29th July, 1795, by 20 bolls bere, crop 1793, at 12s, payable Martinmas, 1794, £12; by cash per Mrs. Innes's receipt (Lady Sandside), 14th April, 1794, £10 5s; by the dues of a brewst of whisky to Mrs. Innes, 12s; by an outcome of timber on the roofs of Brackside, £1 19 4d [a farm James Innes had after giving up his grieveship on marriage to the farmer's daughter, Farquhar *alias* Mackay]; by cash per Widow Innes, 29th July, 1795, 12s 1d; allowance for eaten crop, 1793, being 5 bolls, 2 pks, one half of which Mrs. Innes of Sandside pays, the other half David Macdonald, the bowman [the want of enclosures the crying evil], each 2 bolls, 2 firloths, the supposed meal, at 12s; cash of this date by Donald Farquhar, £11 6s 8d: total, and clear, £57 10s 1d. At Martinmas, 1795, there is due the rent and brewing dues, 13s 8d, £30 13s 8d; which sum is balanced by 2 ankers of ale, summer 1795, 10s 9d; by credit for five months of brewing dues since distilleries [the small bothies rather] were

stopped by Government, 5s 8d ; credit given to Donald Farquhar on the Rev. David Mackay's account, the parish clergyman, £4 10s 9d ; cash from D. F., 19th April, 1796, £1 19s 3d ; cash by Widow Innes same date, £23 7s 3d : total, £30 13s 8d. Next year, to various trespasses of Farquhar's horses on Kioltag, omitted at last counting, as per John Brown's paper, 4s ; rent of one octo of land, thrown ley or wild by Widow Innes's trespasses in 1796, possessed by William Campbell, 10s ; to grass eaten by their cattle to Widow Mean, 3s 6d, and a fine for removing their landmark between her and them, 1s ; D. F.'s horses pointed by John Brown, 2s ; the rent of Reay, due Martinmas, 1796, £30 ; brewing dues, 13s 8d : total, £31 14s 2d. The *contra* is, by grass eaten by their cattle to Widow Mean, settled by themselves, 3s 6d ; cash per receipt of 19th February, 1797, paid by Widow Innes, £23 10s ; D. F., £6 10s ; brewing dues overcharged as per debit side, 13s 8d. July 19th balance due, namely, of Widow Innes, 7s 10d, and of Donald Farquhar, 9s 2d : total, £31 14s 2d. April 18th, 1798, the total was £31 19s 6d, paid to a few shillings, with items "plough-beam and making a plough by John Mackintosh, 4s, and breach of promise in keeping swine by Widow Innes, 5s." At counting 23rd April, 1799, the total is £32 12s, with debt items, "dues for keeping a public-house, 5s ; promised subscription for Thurso bridge from Widow Innes, 5s ; road money due Martinmas, 1799, namely, by the widow, 17s 7½d, by D. F., 4s 10½d." All accounts are cleared when the estate-book ends in 1800.

The farm of Borlum was that involving most yearly rent on the property, and with all the lady's ability it went quite wrong in those years, the tenant Hugh Weir, not a local man, and probably a relative or favourite from Yorkshire, leaving it with a balance unpaid at Martinmas, 1795, of £146 15s 5½d, a ruinous sum to lose then, even for a proprietor. He seems to have paid what he did meet largely in kind. The accounts are remarkably strange :—To 14 bolls, 3 firlots bere at 14s, £10 6s 6d ; 5 bolls, 1 firlot, £3 13s 6d ; ½ boll potatoes, 5s ; 1 boll bere, 15s ; 46 bolls, 1 firlot oats at 9s, £20 16s 3d ; 23 bolls, 3 pks. bere at 14s, £16 14s 9d ; to one horse £4 4s, and another £2 2s ; to 2 oxen £10, and another two £9 ; to 2 cows at the roup, £6 14s ; red ox, £4 4s ; black ox and a white, £3 3s, £9 18s ; to ½ interest, £4 12s ;

to rent of Borlum, £32, due Martinmas, 1793; rent of Kioltag (pasture green hill) due Martinmas, 1792, 14s, ditto 1793, £1, £130 4s; to cash lent him by Mr James at counting, August 18th 1794, £7. His credit *contra* is, by 50 bolls oatmeal at 13s 4d, £33 6s 8d; 52 bolls bere at 13s 6d, £33 15s; 10 cattle wintered on crop 1792, 16s 8d; balance due 18th August, 1794, £62 5s 8d. Next year, with £2 cash lent, he has to meet £105 os 11½d, thus done, by 40 bolls oatmeal sold to Mr Manson, Thurso, at 14s, payable at Martinmas 1794, £28; 38½ bolls of bere sold to Mr Inglis, Inverness, at 16s; leaving a balance unpaid of £46 4s 11½d. Next year he pays absolutely nothing of the following long total against him, to balance and its interest; to 2 bolls of different kinds of white oats, as per Sandside farm-book, crop 1794 at 12s, £1 4s; cash given him by Mrs Innes, 14th August, 1795, 3s 6d; cash by Mrs Innes 20th August, £3 1s; grey mare and foal sold him, £4; cash given Mrs Weir in her husband's absence by Mrs Innes 5th September, 1795, £2 2s; to an Inverness birch, 1s 6d; rent of the Ess or "waterfall" croft for one year, omitted in proper place £2; to a four-post bed when you first came to Borlum, 13s; to a barn fanners from Sandside, £1 10s; rent of the hay lane of Loanscorbest, £1; to cash paid on your account by Mrs Innes to Mr Donald Robeson, lawyer, as per order of McTwik 12th December, 1794, £25, with interest of £1 5s; cash on your account to John Macleod as wages at 1s 3d, when he went with you for your sheep, £2 10s; to Sandside's letter of credit given Mr Fraser of Dill on your account payable at Martinmas 1795 for £23 15s; total, £148 17s 2½d. In 1795, his last year of possession, he paid something. He was debtor to balance £148 17 2½d; rent of the Blair in Cioltag, due Martinmas 1794 and 1795, £1 8s 3d; credit given Peter Mackay on your account, as per Mrs Innes's note in 1794, £1; value of converted services and items, due Martinmas, 1794, for the house in Sartigal lately possessed by John Macleod, £1 4s 3d; postage of Mr Fraser of Dill's letters, 10d; total, £152 9s 8½d. His credit *contra* was, by overcharge of the rent of the house in Sartigil, £1 4s 3d; cash given Sandside on Peter Mackay's account, £1; part of the rent of Ess paid by William MacHughston on your account for Martinmas, 1795, £1; by overcharge of a journey made by John Macleod for lambs, £2 10s;

by 1½ bolls bere, crop 1794, at 16s, £1 4s; 5 bolls oats, crop 1795, at 9s 6d, £2 7s 6d. He leaves a balance unpaid of £143 4s 9½d, which was probably never met, as the farm fell back into Mrs Innes's hands for some years. Possibly it was a steelbow arrangement, and the Major was safe by getting back his stock, originally valued to Weir; but a certain acerbity in Weir's *contras*, hints at quarrel and heavy loss to Sandside. But experts in estate management could settle this on the above date. There are references as early as 1792, so that the estate-book covers not far from the decade of a typical agricultural period. That Weir was a man of doubtful character is shown by the parish register. On 1st February 1797 was baptised Peggy, daughter in adultery of Hugh Weir and Betty Sutherland in Borlum.

The next tenant of this farm was Thomas Brown, who seems also a stranger, but of a steadier kind, judging from his accounts:—Dr. to 6½ bolls red oats, crop 1797, at 13s 6d, £4 7s 9d; 6½ bolls Blangely oats, at 13s 6d, £4 7s 9d; hay, £2 6s; road money paid for him, £1 3s 3d; to rent of Borlum, as lately possessed by Hugh Weir, due Martinmas, 1798, for counting 1798, £40; grass in Fresgoe, £4; rent of hay lane of Loanscorbest, due Martinmas, 1798, £1 10s; corn fanners sold him May, 1799, £2 2s; Thurso Bridge, 5s; interest preceding October 22d, 1799, 9s 1d; total £62 10s 10d. He credits balance in favour by exchange of two mares, £5; cash paid to Mrs Macdonald, the maid, 20th April, 1798, £6 1s 6d; price of 4 cows bought from him 27th March, 1799, £15; overcharge in rent of Loanscorbest, 9s; allowance for work done by Thomas Brown to houses at Borlum, by error per debit side in 3 cartloads of hay bought of him May, 1799, £1 10s; 9 bolls of straw, 18s; a mare bought of him June, 1799, £14 10s; cow bought of him, £6 6s; 3 stooks of oats, 4s 6d; covering a mare, £1; balance, 22nd October, 1799, £9 1s 10d. In 1800 his total is £51 13s 2d, which he pays up to a balance of £1 3s 2d by two cash payments of £10 10s and £40. It is probable he was a relation of John Brown.

A Richard Metcalf, in Borlum, married to Katharine Innes, baptized a child, John, on 1st December, 1787; and the implication from so many names strange to the locality is that the two successive Cradocks from Yorkshire, who were ladies of Sandside,

imported English relations or improvers. Sheldon Cradock of Hartforth, Yorks., who married 17th December, 1739, was father of Mary Cradock, who married William Innes, father of Major Innes. His son, Sheldon, born 1741, married Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Wilkinson of Thorpe-on-Tees, Durham, and Elizabeth Cradock, their daughter, married the Major William Innes of Sandside mentioned so often in the estate-book. This Lady Sandside's father died as late as 1814, aged 73. She had a sister, Margaret, married to Professor Lax, of Cambridge University. Their mother died 12th August, 1812. Lady Sandside or Mrs Innes could not have been more than from 30 to 35 years of age, if so much, during the time covered by the estate-book. The Cradocks were great besides in the Church and in law, the first of them, Richard, mentioned 16 Hen. vii. as of Doe Park, Yorkshire.

It is unnecessary to quote further the crofters' accounts, which ran down, in the same general fashion, as low as 10s a year, some women paying everything by service for their houses and octoes of land or kailyards. Sometimes as much as 78 days of the year were claimed, but they could always be converted into money payment at 3d per day of fine for absence. A Maggy "Whale," no doubt a nickname, for work at boiling oil with help of her daughter in the summer of 1794, made 5s 9d towards her rent and account that year of £1 8s, the previous year being 13s 3d. A curious entry is that of George Sinclair, a large farmer on another estate, tacksman of Isauld, who rented the meadow of Loanscorbest for two years at £1 5s from Major Innes :—"N.B. —The brewing-kettle borrowed from the late George Sinclair of Isauld, and retained as a pledge for the said rent, was this day returned to his sisters, Janet and Barbara Sinclairs, and their receipt received for the same," the sufficient reason being prompt payment. In Caithness as the dominant family, the Sinclairs, had all the good things, from the earldom downwards, but stray ones were becoming crofters and servants before 1800, as the estate-book examples. There were only five of the name of all capacities on Sandside, and being of southern blood they could almost be placed with the lady's strangers of this essentially Highland property.

A word or two further as to the racial character of the tenants and workmen. There were eleven Campbells, three of whom were of the Maciver Campbells; supposed with historic truth to have come originally from Argyleshire. There were nine Macleods, whose ancestors came from West Sutherland and Lewis, when the Lord of the Isles and the Earl of Ross was superior of Sandside and the neighbouring districts. As was to be expected, near Strathnaver and Lord Reay's country, the Mackay householders numbered thirty-two, under the different names of the same lineage of Mackay, Bain, Roy, Dow, Farquhar, Machustan, Morgan, More, MacHomas, etc. The Macdonalds, also from the Isles like the Macleods, numbered eight under *aliases* of Gow, M'Andy, M'Adie, M'Horish, as well as the name itself. There was a Maclaren, several Martins, Elders, Forbeses, who came with Lord Forbes (once superior of Sandside and neighbourhood, of Irish descent), two Innesses, Macphersons under this name and that of M'Ryrie, an Oag, a Sutherland, and a Munro. All these were purely Celtic; and five Gunns, including their kin Hendersons, formed the only native representatives of the Teuton, though by Gaelic speech and training they also appeared to be Celtic. The district being on the border between Sutherland and Caithness both English and Gaelic were spoken with freedom.

Major and Mrs Innes, about 1810, for all this genuine interest in their dependants from 1792 to 1800, were caught by the rage for sheep-farming; and the strangers they favoured encouraged them to take a considerable part in the clearance system, with its unnatural evictions. John Paterson, Borlum, born at Oxnam, Roxburghshire, in 1780, who came a poor shepherd in 1804 to Sandside, but ultimately rose to be sheep-manager and factor, was their instrument about 1810 of evicting not only many tenants on Sandside estate, but whole townships of the Isauld estates of Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart., and of his son Admiral Sir John, which estates Major and Mrs Innes then held in tack. Paterson was 41 years in the Major's service, and ultimately became probably the very largest sheep and agricultural farmer in Scotland, dying at his arable farm of Skinnet, Caithness, in 1853, holding the same reputation as the Lochs, Sellars, and other evictors of the Highlanders.

## EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

[BY WILLIAM MACKAY.]

### II.

IN going over the dry and faded records of the early times of which we spoke in our last article, it is pleasant to get such glimpses as we there gave of the intellectual lights that then burned, however dimly, in some of our rural parishes; and it is almost a pity to mar that pleasure by referring to other parishes in which darkness still prevailed. The planting of schools in the latter was very uphill work, indeed. In the parish of Moy, for example, there was no school in 1672, the reason given by the heritors and elders being, that "the townes within the parochin were far distant one from the other." The people of Daviot were a step in advance, for, in the same year, they had "ane schoole"; but, alas! "the schoolemaster was forced to leave them for want of sustenance." They undertook to get the teacher back, and make suitable provision for him; but the undertaking was not implemented, and, by-and-bye, even the school disappeared. In 1682, the minister reported "that they could not nor had any [schoolmaster], because there was no incouragement for ane, nor no mediat centricall place quhere they could fix a schoole to the satisfacione of all concerned." There was no school in Boleskine in 1672, "in regard the townes in the parishe were remote the one from the other, and they had noe convenience of boarding children." Dores was without a public school in 1675; but "several gentlemen had schooles in their own houses for educating and training up of their children, and they [the heritors] were upon a feaseable way, if this deare yeare were by, to convene and stent themselves for ane publict school for the common good of the whole parish." The brethren of the Presbytery were pleased with this feaseable way, and they exhorted the minister and heritors "to follow and cherish this good motion, as they wish that the knowledge of God may be upon the groweing hand among them, and their posteritie to bless their actions when they are gone." There was, in 1677, no



school in Glen-Urquhart "for the present"; but the minister and elders stated that, "when the Laird of Grant cam to the cuntrey, they were to require his helpe and assistance how to get some victuall to maintain a schoolmaster; and they were exhorted to do the same, which would be good service done to God." And, as a last example, Croy was without a schoolmaster as late as 1685, for the reason that there was "no fixed salary for one."

The wars and strifes which agitated the Highlands for years before and after the Revolution of 1688 were not calculated to promote education, and many of the schools established in the early part of the century ceased to exist. In 1690 William the Third made an effort to improve matters in Argyleshire by enacting that for the future all vacant stipends within that county should be applied to education, and in 1696 he granted to the Synod of Argyle the rents of the Bishopric of Argyle for educational purposes, and the grant was thereafter from time to time renewed. In 1696 the King erected a school at Fort-William, then known as Maryburgh, the teacher of which was to have the then large salary of £30 sterling a year—and in this year was passed the Act of Parliament which finally established the good old parochial system which passed away in 1872. Under that Act the heritors of each parish were bound to erect a school and to maintain a teacher; but, alas! King William, whose popularity was never great in the Highlands, lost all favour after the massacre of Glencoe, and any scheme emanating from him or his Parliament was received with suspicion and distrust. In the majority of the Highland parishes, therefore, the statute remained for years a dead letter. Even the school established by the King at Fort-William came to an untimely end, and altogether the close of the seventeenth century was, educationally, as dark and dreary as it well could be. The chiefs and lairds and better class of tacksmen sent their sons, it is true, to the grammar schools of Inverness, Fortrose, and other burghs, and the children of some of the more pronounced Jacobites received their education in France; but the poorer classes were neglected. In these circumstances a few private gentlemen in Edinburgh met in 1701, and resolved to establish schools in the Highlands and Islands, and to

appeal to the public for subscriptions for the purpose. Their first school was in a short time opened at Abertarff; but the schoolmaster met with such discouragement from the inhabitants that after a trial of eighteen months it had to be closed. The Edinburgh gentlemen were, however, not to be discouraged. In 1703 they published a statement setting forth the condition of the Highland people, and making suggestions for the amelioration of the same by Parliament. Parliament, however, did nothing, but the General Assembly took up the scheme with the result that in 1707 they appointed a select committee who, after conferences with the Edinburgh gentlemen, published proposals for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland and in foreign parts of the world. Copies of these proposals, with subscription papers annexed, were sent to persons of influence throughout the kingdom. Queen Anne encouraged the scheme by royal proclamation, subscriptions flowed in, and in 1709 the Queen granted letters patent, under the great seal, for erecting certain of the subscribers into a corporation. Thus was established with a capital fund, to begin with, of upwards of £1000 sterling, "The Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge"—the first meeting of which was held on 3rd November, 1709. At their second meeting (5th January, 1710) it was decided to establish schools in such parts of the Highlands as would from time to time need them most—in which schools Protestants and Papists would be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with such other things as should be considered suitable to the pupils' circumstances. The progress of the Society was marvellous. In 1711 it supported twelve schools, one of which was at Abertarff, from where, as will be remembered, a teacher had already been driven; and another in the distant St. Kilda. In 1715 the Society had 25 schools open, 34 in 1718; 48 in 1719; 78, having 2757 scholars, in 1728; 111 schools in 1733; 128 in 1742; 159 in 1772; and 323 in 1795. In addition to paying the teachers salaries, the Society supplied the children with school books, established public libraries in various parishes, and defrayed the expense of printing Gaelic Bibles and other books—among them being the Gaelic and English Vocabulary, published in 1741 by Alexander Macdonald, the famous Gaelic bard, and one of the

Society's schoolmasters. We do not know to what extent the libraries were patronised by the people, but, judging from the incident we are about to relate, it was sometimes somewhat difficult to get at the books. We find from the records of the Presbytery of Mull that at a meeting of that Presbytery, held at Aros, in March, 1730, Mr. Morrison, minister of Coll, reported "that Mr. M'Aula, his predecessor in office, carried off the library to the Harris, because he was not paid for his expenses in bringing them to Cole." The Rev. Aulay Macaulay, who is here referred to, was translated to Harris in 1712, so that, at the time of this report, the books had been in his possession there for eighteen years; and it is not likely they ever saw Coll again. Thus it was that Mr. Macaulay contrived to have a library; and thus early do we find in the Macaulay family that love of books which reached its full development in the person of Lord Macaulay, the great-grandson of the thieving minister of Harris.

We shall now endeavour to show what kind of establishments the old Highland schools were, what manner of men laboured in them, and under what conditions those men fulfilled their duties to the pupils placed under their charge.

The Privy Council Act of 1616, and again the Act of Parliament of 1646, provided that a school should be planted in every parish. These made no condition, however, as to design or accommodation, and even the Act of 1696, which finally established the parochial system, gave no further direction than that the school-houses should be "commodious." It was thus left to the heritors of each parish to determine what kind of building was required, and as they were themselves bound to defray the cost, it is not too much to assume that they were not too ambitious in their designs, or too extravagant in their estimates. As a matter of fact, the old country school—and this applies not only to the parochial schools, but also to the charity schools supported by the Society—was as poor and comfortless as it well could be. Its walls were of turf, or of dry, undressed, mason-work, through the crevices of which the wind whistled, and the drifting snow found its way, with perfect freedom; its windows were irregular holes which despised the luxury of glass; its floor was the cold damp earth, rough and uneven as nature had left it;

while its roof consisted of the usual three "black-house" couples, with roof-tree and cabers—all covered with "divots," or brackens, striving hard to shelter teacher and pupil from the rain of heaven. How vain the endeavour often was is shown by venerable books which we still find ornamented with large stars and stains, the result of mighty drops from the roof—drops which the divots retarded in their career to earth, but which they had at the same time greatly increased in size, and in sooty consistency. There was no chimney or fire-place, proper ; but in the middle of the floor blazed a pile of peats and wood, brought by the children from their homes ; while the smoke, after voyaging round and round the room, and adding to the polished blackness of the cabers, made its exit through the *àrlas* or smoke-hole in the roof, or through the holes in the walls which were flattered with the name of windows. The custom of "transporting" or removing the school from corner to corner of the parish did not tend to the improvement of the buildings. The early Society schools—with the exception of Raining's School, in Inverness, which was erected in 1757 at a cost of over £500, taken out of a bequest by Mr. John Raining of Norwich—were from time to time transported from place to place with the view of fairly distributing their benefits all over the wide districts which they were intended to serve ; and the teacher had thus frequently to take up, not only his bed, but also the timber of his houses, and to remove to whatever corner of his educational vineyard most needed his services. In such circumstances, improvement came slowly ; in some cases it came not at all. In 1865 the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of education in Scotland, found a school in Argyleshire which is thus described :—"The state of the school-house is still deplorable ; a small building on the side of a hill, little attempt to level the floor, a fire in the centre of the room, and a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape ; the roof seems falling to pieces, and the windows are broken." At the same time the Parliamentary school at Killiemore, in Mull, is described as "uninhabitable ; earthen floor, full of hills and valleys ; two windows without sashes, woodwork having rotted away ; general aspect of dilapidation." The parish school of the same district is not much better :—"Old building ; low roof (eight feet) ;

earthen floor ; damp and mouldy appearance ; three dilapidated windows on one side." These houses, too, were devoid of proper furniture—a deal table or desk, a rickety chair for the teacher, and a few rough forms, or boards resting on stones, for the children, making up as a rule the whole educational machinery of the establishment.

The schoolmasters' dwelling-houses were scarcely superior to the schoolhouses. Before 1803 parochial teachers were not legally entitled to any domestic accommodation, and if dwelling-houses were sometimes provided for them they were of the poorest description—black huts, as a rule, which refused to keep out the elements. In that year Parliament enacted that each parish schoolmaster should be provided with a residence, which residence, however, was to consist of "not more than two apartments, including the kitchen." This statutory limit was faithfully respected. Care was taken that the number of apartments did not exceed two, including the kitchen ; and as these were not always of the largest dimensions possible, the schoolmaster's skill in mensuration must sometimes have been sorely put to the test in finding room within the four lines of his but-and-ben for himself and his wife and his customary family of twelve children, with, perhaps, a maid-of-all-work thrown in.

The Act of 1861 increased the necessary accommodation to three apartments besides the kitchen ; but that provision was not everywhere carried into effect. In 1865 the Education Commissioners found the old but-and-ben still in use in some places—some of them being unfit for dogs. Of one dwelling-house it is recorded—"the roof does not protect it from the rain, and in wet weather the water has to be baled out of the inside of the house ; a drain runs past the back of it, and, being on a higher level than the floor, the water comes inside in large quantities." There were others as bad ; but after the passing of the Act of 1872 these wretched buildings were swept away, commodious and ornate schools and dwellings speedily took their place, and now teachers and pupils all over the land enjoy a degree of comfort and convenience of which their less fortunate forerunners of the olden times did not even dream.

A few words now in reference to the old schoolmaster himself.

The gentleman who presided over the parochial school was invariably college-bred. He was frequently a student in arts or in divinity, who looked forward to the pulpit as the goal of his ambition. More frequently he was a "stickit minister" whose heart hope deferred had long since made sick. That he was a man of education and culture the records of his time amply prove. The "trials" which he underwent at the hands of the presbytery before he was licensed to wield the *ferula* were such as might even stagger good men of our own day of superior training. In theology, philosophy, and general literature, he had to show himself fairly proficient; while with Latin he was expected to be as familiar as with his mother-tongue. We have found various references to the examination of schoolmasters in old unpublished presbytery records. In 1673, for example, Alexander Rose, candidate for the public school of Inverness, was examined in the third book of Horace, delivered a Latin oration *de vanitate humanæ scientiæ*, and passed through "all other tryalls usuall in the like case." In February, 1674, George Dunbar, who aspired to the mastership of the school of Dingwall, was appointed by the presbytery to appear at their next meeting, and "to be readie to have ane oratione, and to give ane exegesis of these words of Boethius, in his booke *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*:—*Tu triplicis mediam naturæ cuncta moventem, Connectens animam, per consona membra resolvis.*" He accordingly came before the reverend court when it next met, and it is recorded of him that he "made ane oratione in Latine, with ane exegesis on the poesie formerlie mentioned, in both of which he did acquit himself to the full satisfacione of the hearers."

The standard by which the accomplishments of the teachers employed by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge were measured was not so high—although even among them men were found who, like Alexander Macdonald, the Gaelic bard, to whom we have already referred, and whom Prince Charlie appointed his poet-laureate, were good classical scholars. Candidates for the Society's schools were required to go to Edinburgh, where, after producing "attestation of their moral and religious character," they were examined by two of the ecclesiastical directors of the Society "not merely upon reading and spelling



English, writing, arithmetic, and church music, but also, and most particularly, upon their acquaintance with the evangelical system, and their fitness for communicating the knowledge of it to others." The Society man, it must be remembered, was more than an instructor in the three R's. The scheme of 1710 bound him to be particularly careful to instruct his scholars in the principles of the Christian reformed religion, and for that end to catechise them at least twice a week, and to pray publicly with them twice a day; and he was also "*ex officio* the catechist of the district where he was stationed, and instructed to employ the time he could spare from the school on week days, and particularly the time of the vacation, in this exercise; and on Lord's days, in districts where, on account of distance or other impediments, the people have not access to church, to meet with them for the purposes of religious worship and instruction." And thus the poor teacher was constantly kept in harness—Sunday and Monday, during session and in vacation.

The most extreme advocate of retrenchment cannot accuse the old Highland schoolmaster of having received undue compensation for his multifarious duties. The Act of 1646 provided—and the provision was repeated in the Act of 1696—that the parish teacher's salary should not be less than 100 merks (£5 11s 1½d stg.) nor more than 200 (£11 2s 2½d stg.) In addition to this he usually received a small sum for acting as precentor and session clerk, and, in the earlier times, for filling the office of reader in the church. It was sometimes difficult to reach even the lowest limit of salary fixed by the Acts of Parliament. Thomas Fraser, a master of arts who was schoolmaster of Kirkhill in 1677, and who was also "precentor and clerk, and read the scriptures publicly every Lord's day, in the Irish [Gaelic] betwixt the second and third bell," received annually for these combined offices the sum of £20 Scots (£1 13s 4d stg.), a chaldar of victual, equal, perhaps, to other £20 Scots, and "the baptisme and marriage money"—that is, the small fees then paid by persons applying for the baptism of illegitimate children or guilty of clandestine marriage. The Act of 1803 raised the lowest limit to 300 merks (£16 13s 4d), and the highest to 400 (£22 4s 5½d); and these limits were again raised in 1861 to £35 and £70 respectively.



They stood at these latter figures when the Act of 1872 became law. In addition to their fixed salaries the parochial teachers were entitled to such fees as they could collect—these, however, being frequently *nil*—and, until well into the present century, the Candlemas offerings annually made to them by the pupils, and the fowls killed or defeated at the great yearly cock-fight on the floor of the schoolroom, were perquisites by no means to be despised.

The Society's teacher collected no fees, and for a long time his salary was a somewhat varying quantity. In 1729, when we first meet Alexander Macdonald, the bard, his salary is £16. In 1732 it is raised to £18. In 1738 it drops to £15, and next year to £14; while in 1744 it is reduced to £12. No wonder Macdonald looked for better things from Prince Charlie, on whose arrival he not only threw up his school, but also his creed—for he ceased to be a Protestant catechist, and joined the Church of Rome.

In 1775 the salary of Lachlan MacLachlan, teacher at Abriachan, and grandfather of the late Rev. Dr. MacLachlan, of Edinburgh, the great friend of Highland education, was only £10; while his successor at the time of the Disruption had only £16. In 1802, John Macdonald, teacher at Bunloit, Glen-Urquhart, and a noted guide in the paths of religion, passed rich on £15 a year. This was raised in 1810 to £18, at which it stood till he retired in 1841 with a pension of £12. In addition to these salaries, each Society teacher possessed a free house, and in many cases a kail-yard and sufficient land to maintain a cow.

It is not surprising that, with the above-mentioned emoluments, the old Highland schoolmaster found it difficult to keep the wolf from his door. Macdonald, the bard, was unable to meet the Presbyterian visitors of his school in 1741, for the reason "that, through the great scarcity of the year, he was under immediate necessity to go from home to provide meal for his family." And long after his time we find teachers making the most piteous appeals for relief. One writes in April, 1818, when corn was scarce and prices high—"I humbly entreat for a little money, for I verily think if Providence does not open some unseen door of supply to me soon, that both myself and the most of my family will die of

famine ; and I look upon it next to a miracle that we are not dead before now. My family frequently staid from church before their pale faces would be a gazing-stock. Our neighbours were, and are, very poor themselves, which rendered our case worse ; for if they had we would not altogether want." And this poor man's case was not singular. Another writes—"From August till April I did not see one peck of meal in my house. I am at this same time a great sufferer"; while yet another states—"My salary would not support me in this place three quarters of a year in meal and water, as the meal is always kept so high with the meal merchants. . . . I could not get one boll of meal at present as I had no money, and that my salary was out in it before Whitsunday. . . . I am now near a month without as much as a stone of meal got to my house, but living on the milk of one cow." Verily the men who thus suffered were heroes and martyrs in the cause to which they had consecrated themselves.

We have now hurriedly traced the progress of education in the Highlands, and briefly indicated the conditions under which the old Highland schoolmaster lived and laboured. When we consider those conditions we cannot but marvel at the success that accompanied his work. Out of those miserable schools which we have described young men went forth into the world to make themselves famous as statesmen, as soldiers, as preachers, and even as men of letters. And while we marvel it becomes us also to thank the Giver of all good that we are not as others were in the olden time. We are prone to look back on the past through fairy spectacles which conceal the evil and only show the good and the beautiful. That is a pleasant exercise, and it may not be altogether hurtful ; but we shall be all the better men and women if we occasionally lay aside the enchanting glasses, and look at the evil and the good of the dead centuries with the naked eye of truth. Thus shall we be able the better to appreciate the blessings which we enjoy, but to which our forefathers were strangers ; and thus shall we grow in contentment and happiness, and in strength for the work to which we have been called. From the schoolmaster's point of view the world has in these latter times especially improved ; and, fascinating as it may be to linger on certain pleasant

features and customs which undoubtedly belong to the past, few of the teachers of to-day would, we imagine, elect to be lifted, as it were, out of this present year of grace, and thrown back to pass their remaining days in that world of kindness and hospitality, but, withal, of poverty, and privation, and discomfort through which the old Highland schoolmaster had to struggle from the cradle to the grave.

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## THE CELTIC PASSIVE IN *r*.

ZIMMER *versus* WINDISCH.

[BY THOS. COCKBURN, M.A.]

IN the February number of the present Magazine a somewhat lengthy summary was given of an article by Professor Windisch on the Italo-Celtic passive in *r*. Since then a rival theory—actually written, however, before the appearance of Windisch's paper—has been propounded by Professor Zimmer in the last number (xxx) of Kuhn's Zeitschrift. At the editor's request and for the sake of comparison, I have given a short outline of this theory, and, to render it more intelligible, I have followed the (supposed) historical order of the evolution of the forms, in preference to that observed by the Professor. The essential difference between the two theories may be summed up thus: Windisch holds the *r* to be a stem-suffix, Zimmer takes it to be a personal ending.

Originally all Indo-European verbs had a varying flexion, without, however, any variation of meaning, in the present, aorist, and perfect system of tenses, according as the verb was *absolute*, *i.e.*, uncompounded, or *conjunct*, *i.e.*, compounded. In the third plural of the present active the endings were *-nti* and *-r* respectively. Thus in the root *bher* (bear) we have abs. *bheronti*, con. *bheror*. That an actual connection exists between this final *r* and non-final *nt*, is proved by what is found in noun stems like Greek *hēpar*, *hēpatos* for *hēprt*, *hēptos*; Latin *jecur*, *jecinis* for *jeer*, *jeenos*.

Should this connection be correct, the *r* must be held to be a personal suffix quite as much as the *nt*.

In most languages this difference of ending gradually disappeared by the coalescence of the forms, or by some other adjustment. In the Italo-Celtic languages, however, the conjunct form in *r* remained, but assumed a special signification, being used indefinitely as an impersonal verb, or better like the French *on*. Thus the passive *doberr*, it is given, means really "they give," "one gives." When the personal pronoun—be it noted, always in the *objective*—was attached to this form, an equivalent for the passive of other languages was obtained, thus, O.I., *nomberr*, I am borne, is really "one bears me," *notberr*, thou art born, one bears thee; Welsh *dysgir fi*, I am taught, one teaches me. At this stage the Cymric languages and Modern Irish have remained.

Old Irish always expressed the *first* and *second* persons similarly, but in the *third* person it proceeded a step further and used this active plural in *r* as a singular passive, a process facilitated by the limitation and gradual fading away of its active meaning. By this change both in signification and number, the suffix *r* became a new formative element in the language, and was added to the active plural ending *t*—making a passive plural *tar*—as if it were a purely passive suffix. This contamination plural *tar* is not the same as the modern passive in *tar* (*tear*) which is identical with *thair*, the O.I. passive ending for weak verbs in the singular. The ending *thair* was itself a contamination form produced by the coalescence of the absolute singular in *d* (*berid*) and the *r* ending. Professor Zimmer hazards the conjecture that educated Irishmen of the eight or ninth century introduced the personal form of the passive under the influence of the Latin usage, but that the native population never adopted it.

Thus in the spoken Celtic languages we have no such thing as a true passive in the sense that Latin has. The only agreement between these two groups of languages is that they both started with the indefinite use of the conjunct form, but Latin alone, and that upon Italian soil, developed a complete passive flexion, while both worked out their deponent system quite independently. That this is so for Irish is proved by the fact that the deponent forms of the Irish present have not been subjected to the influence

of the Old Irish accent, neither have they been affected by the law of the "aspiration of the dental *tenues*," a law which affected the first stratum of borrowed Latin words. The development of the Irish deponent verb must thus be subsequent to the fourth century, the period in which the Irish accent is supposed to have been revolutionised; it must be subsequent to the first borrowing of Latin words which was later, and subsequent to the aspiration of the *tenues* which was later still. It can hardly have arisen before the seventh century when Latin had practically ceased to exist as a spoken tongue.

While the (so-called) passive in Irish was confined to the third person, the deponential forms in *r* passed beyond, and more or less affected all persons with the exception of the second plural. The starting point of this highly developed voice is to be found not in the present, but in the perfect and *s*-aorist systems. In these two tenses the absolute and conjunct forms of the third plural were identical both for the active and the middle voice, viz., *r* and *-nto* for both tenses, which in Irish would appear as *ar* and *at*. A distinction of meaning between the active and middle voice was early lost in Irish, and free scope was given to a mingling of the forms of each voice. In this way the third plural of the deponent may be supposed to have arisen by a coalescing of the two endings *at* and *ar* into *atar*, exactly in the same way as the Latin contamination form *jecinoris* arose from *jecinis* and *jecoris*. This new ending *atar* in turn supplied the model for the other persons, and on the analogy of it were transformed (*e.g.*, for stem *mén*) first and second singular *domén* to *doménar*, third *domén* to *doménair*, and first plural *doménam* to *doménamar*. As in the passive so in the deponent the suffix *ar* underwent a dynamic change and spread beyond its legitimate sphere into other persons and tenses.

The historical development of the Latin passive and deponent is to be traced with less certainty than is the Irish. The existence of a conjunct plural in *r* in the Italian languages can only be inferred from its presence in the original Indo-European language and its apparent occurrence in Umbrian. In any case since the Italian passive in its beginning cannot be dissociated from the Celtic, the first steps in both must have been the same, viz., the

employment of the *r* ending indefinitely, then with a purely passive meaning. The *r* (in Latin *ur*) by this change of meaning, as was seen above, became a new formative element in the language and was attached to all persons with the exception of the second singular and plural. In the case of the deponent the similarity between the Irish and Latin is more apparent than real. The Latin, it is true, is a contamination form as is the Irish, but its starting point was the present, and the compounded elements were the plural *r* and the active—not the middle—*nt*. Thus *loquuntur* is simply the result of the mingling (contamination), without any change of meaning, of the two absolute and conjunct forms which originally existed side by side, viz., *loquur* and *loquunt*. A similar process, with the order reversed, is seen in the third plural—*erunt* of the Aorist and Perfect tenses, which is composed of the same *r* and *nt*. This—*erunt* (*fecerunt*) gave no occasion for further analogical formations and remained sterile, but the reverse was the case with the form in *untur*. It called forth a singular *loquor* and *loquitur*. The second person singular in *ere* (*loquere*) is nothing but the original absolute active form *loquesi* rhotacised, and has nothing whatever to do with the forms in *r*. From the external similarity existing between the passive and the deponent, the form *ere* passed into the passive voice and received a passive signification. The *s* of the fuller form *loqueris* has been added from the ordinary second singular *s* (*regis*). The reverse process took place in the second plural, *legimini*, *loquimini*, which was the passive participle, compare Greek *legomenoi*, restricted to a special person. From the passive it passed into the deponent with change of meaning as happened in the case of the transference of the second singular, but in a reversed order. Professor Zimmer similarly explains the use of the passive participle in *tus* (*hortatus*) with an active meaning as being due to an analogic transfer of meaning aided by the similarity of the rest of the passive and deponent forms, and still more by the existence of such quasi active passives as *circumvectus*, etc.

## GRUAGACH AN EILEIN.

[FROM MR. KENNETH MACLEOD.]

BHA ann uair an sid rìgh air an do chaochail a bhean, agus, mar a tha tric a' tachairt, phos e a' rithist. Bha nighean anabarrach bhriagh aige le cheud mhnaoi, agus leis an darna te nighean mhaol, charrach. Bha naimhdeas uamhasach aig an darna mnaoi ri nighinn na ceud te, agus cha b'e aon uair no da uair a dh' fheuch i cur as di, ach bha an rìgh daonnan a' cur bacail oirre.

Bha eilean beag boidheach mach anns a' chuan mu choinneamh tigh-comhnuidh an rìgh, agus is ann a smaontich a' bhan-rìgh gun cuireadh i an nighean bhriagh gu ruig an t-eilein so. Dh' fhalbh i far an robh an rìgh.

"Mata," ars' ise, "is culaidh-naire mhor a leithid de sgonn mor caileig ri nighinn do cheud mhna a bhi aig an tigh, diomhanach. Na'm bithinn-sa na d' aite chuirinn air falbh i fad' tri bliadhna gu ruig an t-eilein beag ud thall."

Cha robh an rìgh gle dheonach, ach cha robh comas air ach an rud a bha a bhean ag iarraidh a dheanamh. Fhuair e bata, agus chuir e innte gun fhios da mhnaoi badan de dh' eorna goirt, caora, gobhar agus mart. Chuir e an sin a nighean innte agus dh' fhalbh e leatha gu ruig an t-eilein. An uair a rainig iad, thog an rìgh agus a chuid daoine tigh d'an nighinn, agus an sin thill iad dhachaidh.

Am beul na h-oidhche co thainig a choimhead air an nighinn ach triuir fhleasgach.

"Failte ort, a ghruagach an eilein," ars' iadsan.

"Mata, failte oirbh fhein; tha e coltach gu bheil aithne agaibh-se ormsa nach 'eil agam-sa oirbh-se."

"O, tha; ach a bheil dad agad a bheir thu duinn ri itheadh?"

"O, gu dearbh, chan 'eil moran sam bith agam-sa a bheir mi duibh, ach am beagan a tha agam tha sibh di-beathte ga ionnsuidh."

Dh' fhalbh i agus thug i mach am badan de dh' eorna goirt agus thug i sid daibh. Dh' fhan iad comhla rithe gus an robh e anmoch, agus an sin dh' eirich iad gu falth. An uair a bha iad



a' fagail beannachd aice, thuirt iad rithe nach leigeadh i leas eirigh an la 'r na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian, agus gum faigheadh i na beathaichean na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar a dh' fhag i iad.

Cha d' eirich ise an la 'r na mhaireach gus an d' eirich a' ghrian, agus fhuair i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar gum biodh cuideigin ga'm buachailleachd re na h-oidhche. Bha de bhainne aca rud nach fhac ise riamh roimhe, agus neo-ar-thaing nach d' rinn ise gu leor de dh' im, de chaise, agus de ghrudh.

Am beul na h-oidhche thainig an triuir fhleasgach air cheilidh oirre.

"Failte ort, a ghrugach an eilein! A' bheil dad agad duinn an nochd?"

"Mata, tha rud na's fhearr agam an nochd," agus dh' fhalbh i agus thug i mach na bha aice de dh' im, de chaise, de ghrudh agus de dh' uachdar. Bha iad a' caitheadh na cuirme agus na cuideachd le solas agus le toilinntinn gus an robh e anmoch anns an oidhche. An sin thog na fleasgaich orra gu falbh. An uair a bha iad a' fagail beannachd aig an nighinn, thuirt iad rithe nach ruigeadh i leas eirigh an la'r na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian agus gum biodh na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar a dh' fhag i iad.

Cha do dh' eirich ise an la 'r na mhaireach gus an do dh' eirich a' ghrian, agus fhuair i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar a dh' fhag i iad. Bha de bhainne aca rud nach fhaca ise riamh roimhe—barrachd eadhon na bha aca an oidhche roimhe sin.

Bha na fleasgaich a' tighinn a choimhead oirre h-uile oidhche fad an tri bliadhna a bha i anns an eilean. Dh' fhanadh iad comhla rithe gus am biodh e anmoch anns an oidhche, agus mus falbhadh iad dh' iarraidh iad oirre gun i dh' eirigh an la 'r na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian, agus gum faighidh i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar a dh' fhag i iad. Bha ise a' deanamh h-uile sion mar a dh' iarraidh iad oirre, air choir agus, mus do ruith na tri bliadhna am mach, gun robh uidhir de chrodh agus de chaoraich agus de ghobhair aice agus na b' urrainn di iarraidh.

An uair a bha na trì bliadhna air ruith am mach, ars' an rìgh ris a' bhan-rìgh:—

“Mata, feumaidh mi an diugh bàta a chur an nunn d'an eilean a dh' iarraidh mo nighinn, oir tha na trì bliadhna air ruith am mach.”

“O, mata,” ars' ise, “is tusa nach leig a leas bhi aig an t-saothair. Tha mise gle chinnteach nach 'eil moran de do nighinn a lathair an diugh.”

“Theid mi nunn a choimhead, co-dhiu,” ars' esan, agus dh' fhalbh e. An uair a rainig e nunn, thachair an nighean ris aig a' chladach, agus is e chuir an fhailte oirre. Bha e air a dhoigh gu h-uamhasach an uair a chunnaig e cho math agus a thainig i air a h-adhart anns an eilean. Thill iad an sin uile dachaidh, agus thoisich an rìgh air moladh a nighinn ris a' bhan-rìgh, cho math agus a thainig i air a h-adhart anns an eilean.

“O,” ars' a' bhan-rìgh, “dheanadh an nighean agamsa pailt cho math na'n d' rachaidh a cur an nunn d' an eilean.”

“Mata,” ars' an rìgh, “is e a cur a nunn a ni sinn.”

Fhuaires na bàta, agus lion a' bhan-rìgh i le h-uile seorsa bidh —gu leor de dh' im agus de chaise agus de ghrudh agus de dh' aran cruithneachd. Chuir iad an uair sin an nighean mhaol charrach stigh d' an bhàta, agus rachar leatha nunn gus an t-eilean. Thog iad tigh briagh di an sin, agus thill iad dhachaidh.

Am beul na h-oidhche, co thainig a choimhead air an nighinn mhaol, charraich, ach an triuir fhleasgach.

“Failte ort, a ghruagach an eilein! de tha agad duinn an nochd.”

“Mach as a so, sibh,” ars' ise, gu math greannach, “tha gu leor domh-sa biadh a ghleidheal rium fhein, gun bhi ga thoirt duibh-sa.”

Dh' fhalbh an triuir fhleasgach gun ghuth gun ghabadh, agus cha d' thainig iad na coir tuilleadh.

An uair a dh' eirich an nighean mhaol, charrach, anns a' mhaduinn, cha robh sgeul ri fhaotainn air a' chrodh. Thug i fad an latha ga'n sireadh, agus an uair a fhuair i iad cha robh deur bainne aig a h-aon aca. Mus d' thainig ceann na trì bliadhna, bhasaich h-uile beathach a bha aice, agus theab i fhein basachadh le cion bidh,

An uair a bha na trì bliadhna air ruith am mach, thuirt a' bhan-rìgh ris an rìgh gu feumaidh e bàta a chur a nunn d' an eilean a dh' iarraidh a nighinn. Rinneadh so, agus chaidh an nighean mhaol, charrach, a thoirt dhachaidh eadar a bhi marbh agus beo, gun sion de na chaidh a chur a nunn comhla rithe.

Bha a' bhan-rìgh air a dorrnachadh a chionn agus mar a dh' eirich d'a h-inghinn, agus chur i fios gus an nighinn bhriagh gu feumaidh i dol a chruinneachadh lan soithich de smiaran anns an Fhaoilteach. Thug i di mias, cruimean aodaich leis an comhdachaidh i mhias, agus badan de dh' eorna goirt, agus chuir i air falbh i.

Ghabh an nighean roimhe, a' coiseachd, fad an latha. Am beul na h-oidhche thainig i gu craoibh; ghabh i tamh aig a bun, agus thoisich i air ith a' bhadaid eorna. Cha d' rinn i ach teannadh ri ith an uair a thainig trì madaidhean-alluidh far an robh i. Cha robh iad a' coimhead ach gu math caol, acrach, agus dh' fhalbh an nighean agus thug i an roinn bu mho de'n bhadaid eorna daibh. An uair a thainig am dol a laighe, chaidh aonan de na madaidhean-alluidh na chluasaig fo ceann, agus an dithis eile air gach taobh di ga gleidheil blath. An uair a dh' eirich a' nighean an la 'r na mhaireach, agus a chuir i i fhein air doigh, dé chunnaig i air bruthach os a cionn ach tigh mor briagh. Chaidh i nunn ga ionnsuidh, agus rachar a stigh. Cha robh stigh ach triuir fhleasgach agus am mathair. An uair a chunnaig iad an nighean a' tighinn a stigh, thug an triuir ghillean oga suil air a cheile, agus thainig fiamh gaire orra.

"Tha e coltach," ars' am mathair, "gun robh aithne agaibh oirre so roimhe."

"O, bha," ars' iadsan, "is iomadh uair, an uair a bha sinn anns an eilean, agus an uair a bha sinn fo gheasa na'r madaidhean-alluidh, a thug i biadh agus deoch duinn an uair a bha sinn an impis fannachadh a chion bidh."

"Feuchaibh, mata, gun dean sibhse caoimhneas rithe-se a nis."

Dh' fhalbh iad, agus chuir iad biadh air a beulaobh, agus thug iad bhuaipe mias-nan-smiaran air son ga lionadh. Cha robh iad tiota air falbh, an uair a thill iad leis a' mhèis làn do smiaran nach robh an leithid ri 'm faotainn idir anns an t-saoghal. An uair a

thainig an t-am gu feumaidh an nighean falbh arsa a' mhathair ri mac bu shine.

"De tha thusa nis dol a thoirt d'an nighinn so?"

"O, mata, bheir mise di *cruit-chiuil* oir, a chluinneas duine ann an coig coigean na tire."

Dh' fhaighnich i an uair sin de 'n darna mac bu shine, de bha esan dol a thoirt d' an nighinn.

"O, mata," arsa esan, "bheir mise di *cir*, agus an uair a chireas i a ceann le aon cheann di, fasaidd falt oir oirre, agus leis a' cheann eile fasaidd a falt mar a bha e roimhe."

Dh' fhaighnich i an uair sin de mac a b' oige de bha esan dol a thoirt d' an nighinn.

"O, mata," arsa esan, "bheir mise di so: h-uile uair a thogas i a miar, silidh fion aisde."

Dh' fhag a' nighean an sin beannachd aca, agus thog i oirre gu dol dhachaidh. An uair a thainig i dlu d' an tigh, sheinn i a' chruit-chiuil.

"O," arsa an righ, agus e toirt togail as fhein, "tha mo nighean-sa a' tighinn."

Thainig ise an uair sin a stigh, dhoirt i na smiaran ann an sguint a mathar, agus dh' iarr i air na seirbhisich h-uile soitheach a bha anns an tigh a thoirt ga h-ionnsuidh. Rinneadh so, agus lion i uile iad le fion. Chaith iad oidhche sholasach thoil-inntinneach, shoganach, agus bheireadh an righ tacan air òl an fhion, agus air moladh cho math agus a rinn a nighean.

"O, gu dearbh fhein," arsa a' bhan-righ, an uair a bha i seachd sgith de 'n bhruidhinn so, "dheanadh an nighean agamsa cheart cho math rithe-sa, nan d' rachadh i air falbh."

"O, mata," arsa an righ, "is e a cur air falbh a dh' iarraidh smiaran a ni sin."

Is ann mar so a bha. Thug a' bhan-righ d'a h-inghinn gu leor de h-uile seorsa bidh, agus mias air son nan smiaran. Dh' fhalbh an nighean mhaol, charrach, an uair sin, agus ghabh i air a h-aghaidh gus an d' thainig i aig beul na h-oidhche gu craobh-mhoir. Laigh i sìos aig a bun, agus thoisich i air a' bhiadh ith. Cha d' rinn i ach gann toiseachadh, an uair a thainig tri madaidhean-alluidh far an robh i. Dh' iarr iad cuid de 'n bhiadh oirre.

"A bheathaichean grannda tha sibh ann," ars' ise, "tha gu leor domhsa biadh a ghleidheil rium fhein, gun ga bhi thoirt duibhse, agus direach thoiribh 'ur' casan leibh."

Dh' fhalbh iad, agus cha d' thainig iad far an robh i tuilleadh. Bha an oidhche anabarrach fuar, agus cha robh dad aig an nighinn a chumadh blath i. An uair a thainig a' mhaduinn, agus a chuir an nighean mhaol, charrach, i fhein air doigh, d'e chunnaig i air bruthach os a cionn ach tigh mor briagh. Rachar suas. Cha robh stigh ach triuir fhleasgach agus am mathair. An uair a chunnaig an triuir ghillea i tighinn a stigh chur iad drein orra.

"Tha e coltach," ars' am mathair, "gun robh aithne agaibh-sa oirre so roimhe."

"O, bha," ars' iadsan.

Dh' fhalbh iad agus chur iad biadh air a beulaobh, agus thug iad soitheach nan smiaran bhuaipe. Rachar an uair sin am mach, agus lionaran soitheach le màganan, dearcana-luachrach, seilcheagan, luchagan, agus le h-uile seorsa salachair a smaontaicheadh duine air. Chuir iad breid air a' mhèis, mus faicheadh an nighean mhaol charrach na bha na broinn.

An uair a thainig an t-am gu feumadh ise falbh, thug iad an soitheach di. Is ise a bha air air a doigh, agus duil aice gur e smiaran a bha aice. Rainig i ma dheireadh an tigh, agus dh' iarr i air a mathair a sgairt a ghleidheil agus gun doirteadh i na smiaran ann. Rinn a' bhan-righ so, agus dhoirt an nighean mhaol charrach na bha anns a' mhias na sgairt. Cha bu luaithe a dhoirt na leum h-uile beathach feadh an tìge. Cha b' urrainn do na seirbhisich an tigh a ghlanadh, agus b' fheudar fhagail.

An ceann uine as deigh so, thainig prionnsa mor a dh' iarraidh a nighinn bhriagh ri posadh. An uair a chual a bhan-righ so thug i air a cuid daoine breth air an nighinn bhriagh, agus a tilgeal mach air a' mhuir ann am *baraille*. Rinn iadsan so, agus thug a' bhan-righ an nighean mhaol charrach aice fhein d' an phrionnsa ri posadh. Chan fhac am prionnsa an te a bha e ag iarraidh a phosadh riamh, agus leis a sin cha robh fhios aige gun d' thug a' bhan-righ an car as. Ach, co-dhiu, chaidh a' bhanais a dheanamh, agus dh' fhalbh am prionnsa agus a' nighean mhaol, charrach, d' an tigh aca fhein. An uair a bha iad

faisg air an tigh dh' iarr am prionnsa air a mhnaoi a' chruit-chiuil a sheinn agus gum biodh fhios aig a chuid daoine gun robh iad a' tighinn.

"O," ars' ise, "tha e trath gu leor."

"Cuir falt oir ort fhein, co-dhiu, agus gum faic na seirbhisich cho briagh agus a tha thu."

Ach bha h-uile rud trath gu leor aice-sa, gus ma dheireadh an d' rainig iad an tigh.

"Tog nis do mhiar," ars' esan, "agus sil fion, agus ni sinn oidhche shunndach, aighearrach a chur seachad."

Ach bha e trath gu leor leatha-sa sin a dheanamh, gus ma dheireadh am b' fheudar do'n phrionnsa sgurde dh'iarraidh oirre dad sam bith a dheanamh. An ceann uine rugadh mac daibh, agus mac cho grannda, mi-shlan, agus a rugadh riamh.

Bha gille beag aig a' phrionnsa na sheirbhiseach, agus bhiodh e daonnan dol sìos rathad a'chladaich. Bhiodh e faicinn baraill mach air a' mhuir—aon uair air druim a' chuain, agus uair eile ri taobh a' chladaich. Anns a' bharaill bha an t-aon bhoirionnach bu bhriagha a chunnaig e riamh.

Thigeadh i uairean air tir, bheireadh i fion as a miar d'an ghille ri òl, agus dh' fhaighnicheadh i deth :

"An do sheinn i an ceol,  
No an do shil a miar,  
No bheil mac og a' phrionnsa slan?"

Agus fhreagradh esan :

"Cha do sheinn i an ceol,  
Agus cha do shil a miar  
Agus chan 'eil mac og a' phrionnsa slan."

Aon latha bha sin, an uair a bha an gille agus gruagach na mara cuideachd, co thainig orra ach am prionnsa fhein. Theich gruagach na mara, agus dh' fhaighnich am prionnsa de 'n ghille co i.

"Mata, chan' eil fhios agamsa," ars' an gille, "tha i daonnan tighinn air tir an uair a tha mise so. Silidh i fion as a miar na mo bheul, agus faighnichidh i diom :

"An do sheinn i an ceol,  
No an do shil a miar  
No bheil mac og a' phrionnsa slan?"

Agus abairidh mise :

“ Cha do sheinn i an ceol,  
Agus cha do shil a miar,  
Agus chan' eil mac og a' phrionnsa slan.”

“ Is math a thuirt thusa, ghille ghasda. Tha mi nis a' tuigsinn gun deach an car a thoirt asam gu tur ; ach, coma leatsa, cha teid a thoirt asam a rithist. Thig thusa sios an so am maireach cuideachd, agus theid mise a' folach aig cul creige, agus, an uair a thig gruagach na mara far a bheil thu, beiridh mise oirre, agus theid mise an urras nach leig mi as di tuilleadh.”

Is ann mar so a bha. An la 'r na mhaireach, thainig an gille sios d' an chladach mar a b' abhaist, agus thainig gruagach na mara air tir a shileadh fion as a miar na bheul. Agus cha bu luaithe a thainig, na leum am prionnsa bho cul na creige a bhreth oirre. Dh' fhiach ise ri teicheadh, ach bha esan tuilleadh agus luath air a son.

“ Tha thu agam a nis co-dhiu,” ars' esan, “ agus feumaidh tu mo phosadh gun dail.”

Thog iad an uair sin orra gu dol dhachaidh, agus an uair a bha iad faisg air an tigh, sheinn ise a' chruit-chiuil, chuir i falt oir oirre fhein, agus an uair a rainig iad an tigh, lion i h-uile soitheach a bha anns an tigh le fion.

Rinn iad banais mhor, shunndach, aighearrach, agus chaidh an nighean, mhaol, charrach agus a mac a chur dachaidh gus a' bhan-righ.

Dh' fhag mise an sin iad.



## HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

## VIII.—CUCHULINN—THE IRISH ACCOUNT.

THE Irish tales about Cuchulinn are very numerous and very old; they are the oldest tales in any Celtic language. They are found chiefly in the two oldest Irish MSS. of *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* and the *Book of Leinster*. The principal tales are the following: *Compert Conculaind*—the Birth of Cuchulinn; *Tochmare Emere*—the Wooing of Emere, which tells of his education with Scathach, and his wooing of his wife; *Fled Brisrend*—the Feast of Bricrenn, where the Championship of Ireland is settled on Cuchulinn; *Tain Bo Chualgne*—the Cow-spoil of Cualgne, the "Queen of Celtic epics," wherein Cuchulinn's greatest achievements were performed, and where, as episodes, his youthful deeds—*Macgnimrada*—also find record; *Serglige Conculaind*—the Sick-bed of Cuchulinn, where he is struck down by fairy power, and has to visit fairy land and the Celtic Paradise to recover himself; and, lastly, *Brislech Mor Maigemurthemne*—the Great Disaster of Murthemne Plain, where Cuchulinn met his death by wizard wiles, and where Conall Cernach avenged him. The story of Conlaoch, son of Cuchulinn, who was killed by his father, is not recorded in old manuscripts; it belongs to the latter, Middle Irish group of stories, but, nevertheless, the originals of it may have been as old as any of the tales which we have mentioned above. It is very well known both on Irish and Scotch ground.

Like all mythic and fairy-tale heroes, strange tales are told of Cuchulinn's birth. Dechtere (root form *Dexteria*), sister of Conchobar, lost a foster-child of somewhat supernatural descent. On coming from the funeral she asked for a drink; she got it, and as she raised it to her lips a small insect sprang into her mouth with the drink. That night the god Luga of the Long Arms appeared to her, and said that she would have a son by him as a consequence. As she was unmarried, the scandal was great, but a weak-minded chief named Sualtam was got to marry her. She bore a son, and he was called Setanta, and this Setanta latterly received the name of Cuchulinn. The way Setanta got the name

of Cuchulinn was this. Culand, the smith, invited Conchobar and his train to spend a night and a day in his house, and when closing the door for the night he asked Conchobar if he expected any more of his people to come. He did not. Culand then let loose his house dog and shut the door. But the boy Setanta came late and was set on by the furious animal. A severe fight took place, but Setanta killed the animal. The smith demanded *eric* for the dog, and Setanta offered to watch the house until a pup of that dog should grow up. This he did, and hence got the name of Cu-chulainn, the dog of Culann.

This is evidently a myth founded on a popular etymology of Cuchulinn's name, and, though a smith, always a Druidic and wizard character, is introduced, it may have no further significance. Some of his youthful exploits are told. He prayed his mother to let him go to his uncle's court among the other boys; he goes, and appears a stranger among the boys playing hurley or shinty before the castle. They all set on him and let fly all their "camags" or hurleys and balls at him; the balls he caught, and the hurleys he warded off. Then his war rage seized him, and his great peculiarity then was the complete distortion of his body. "You would fancy every hair on his head was a devastating blaze from his up-heaving. . . . He shut one eye till it was not wider than the eye of a needle; he opened the other till it was bigger than the mouth of a meal-goblet. His two jaw-bones rose up to his ears." He attacked the youths and set them flying every way. Conchobar recognised him and introduced him to the boys. The next thing was the choosing of arms when he was fit to bear them. Conchobar gave him first ordinary weapons, but he shivered them with a shake. Fifteen sets did he so break in ever rising grade of strength. At last Conchobar gave him his own royal weapons. These he could not shiver. Fifteen war-chariots did he break by leaping into them and shaking them, until he got the king's own chariot, which withstood him. He and the king's charioteer, Ibar, son of Rianganabra, then darted off, reached Meath, challenged and slew three champions, and came back again to Emania, his uncle's capital, safe and sound.

A wife had now to be got for him, and Conchobar searched all Erin for a suitable partner, but in vain. The ladies of Ulster

greatly loved him, as the records say—"for his splendour at the feats, for the readiness of his leap, for the excellence of his wisdom, for the melodiousness of his eloquence, for the beauty of his face, for the lovingness of his countenance. For there were seven pupils in his royal eyes, four in the one and three in the other for him; seven fingers on each of his two hands and seven on each of his two feet." And another says, after the usual profusion of colour and minutiae as to garments—"I should think it was a shower of pearls that was flung into his head. Blacker than the side of a black cooking-spit each of his two brows; redder than ruby his lips." Many descriptions, ancient and more modern, are given of Cuchulinn in his war chariot; his horses, his chariot, and his charioteer are described with true Celtic regard to epithets, details and colour.

Thereafter Cuchullin himself, with his charioteer, Laeg, son of Rianganbra, set out for a wife, and fell in with Emer, daughter of Forgill, a "noble farmer" holding extensive lands near Dublin. "Emer had these six victories (or gifts) upon her," says the tale, "the victory of form, the victory of voice, the victory of melodiousness, the victory of embroidery, the victory of wisdom, the victory of chastity." Emer did not immediately accept him, though latterly she was violently in love with him. Her father would not have him at all; he did not like professional champions. He got him to leave the country to complete his military education with the celebrated lady Scathach in the Isle of Skye, or, at any rate, in Alba. Cuchulinn went to Scathach, whose school was certainly no easy one to enter, for he had first to cross the Plain of Ill-luck, pass through the Perilous Glen, and leap the Bridge of the Cliff. Here he learned all those wonderful feats—*cleasa*—for which he is so famous in story. His special *cleas* was the *gae bolg* or belly-dart, a mysterious weapon mysteriously used, for it could only be cast at fords on water. It was at Scathach's school that he fell in with Ferdia MacDamain, the Fir-bolg champion, who was the only man that could match Cuchulinn. Their friendship was great for one another, and they swore never to oppose one another. It was, while at Scathach's, that he fought another amazon queen called Aife or Eva, conquered her and temporarily married her. His son by her,

Conlach, was born after Cuchulinn went to Ireland, but he left a golden finger ring for him, with instructions that he was to seek him in Erin when the ring would fit his finger. Conlach was to be his name, but he must not make himself known to any one, nor go out of the way of any man, nor refuse combat to any man. When Cuchulinn returned to Erin he married Emer, daughter of Forgill, taking her by force from her friends.

We now come to the great "*Tain Bo Chualgne*." The scene shifts to Meave's palace at Cruachan. She and Ailill had a dispute in bed one night as to the amount of property each had. They reckoned cattle, jewels, arms, cloaks, chess-boards, war-chariots, slaves, and nevertheless found their possessions exactly equal. At last Ailill recollected the famous bull Finn-beannach (white-horned), which, after having ruled Meave's herds for a while, left them in disgust, as being the property of a woman, and joined the cattle of Ailill. Much chagrin was her portion, until she found that Daré of Fachtna in Cualgne possessed a brown bull *Donn Chuailgne*, the finest beast in all Erin. She sent Fergus Mac Roich, with a company, to ask the bull for a year, and he should then be returned with fifty heifers and a chariot worth 63 cows. Daré consented, and lodged Meave's deputies for the night. But getting uproarious in their cups, they boasted that if Daré would not give the bull willingly, they would take it by force. This so annoyed Daré that he sent Meave's embassy back without the bull. The queen was enraged, and at once summoned her native forces, including Ferdia and his Firbolg, and invited Fergus and Cormac to join her with all their followers. This they did, but unwillingly. So the large army moved against Ulster—Meave accompanying them in her chariot; a lady of large size, fair face, and yellow hair, a curiously carved spear in her hand, and her crimson cloak fastened by a golden brooch.

The people of Ulster, meanwhile, were suffering from a periodical feebleness that came upon them for a heinous crime committed by them. They were, therefore, in a condition of childish helplessness, and they could neither hold shield or throw lance.

But when Meave, at the head of her exulting troops, ap-

proached the fords which gave access to the territory of Daré, there stood Cuchulinn. He demanded single combat from the best warriors of her army, laying injunctions on them not to pass the ford until he was overcome. The spirit and usages of the time put it out of Meave's power to refuse, and there, day after day, were severe conflicts waged between the single Ultonian champion and the best warriors of Meave, all of whom he successively vanquished. Meave even called in the aid of magic spells. One warrior was helped by demons of the air, in bird shape, but in vain, and the great magician, Cailétin, and his twenty-seven sons, despite their spells, also met their doom. Cuchulinn further is persecuted by the war goddess, the Morrigan, who appears in all shapes to plague him and to frighten the life of valour out of his soul. Cuchulinn is not behind in daimonic influence, for "there shouted around him Bocanachs, and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha-De-Danann were used to set up shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear, and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be greater in every battle, in every battlefield, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went." He does great havoc among Meave's troops, circling round them in his chariot, and dealing death with his sling. Meave is getting impatient; time is being lost; the Ultonians will soon revive, and Cuchulinn must be got rid off. She calls on Ferdia, the only match there exists for Cuchulinn, but he refuses to fight with his school days' friend. Nay, he would by his vows be forced to defend him against all comers. The queen plies him in every way with promises, wiles, and blandishments; he will get Findabar, her daughter, for wife, and lands and riches; and, alas! he consents, he binding himself to fight Cuchulinn, and she binding herself to fulfil her magnificent promises. Ferdia's charioteer, who is against his master fighting with his friend Cuchulinn, hears Cuchulinn coming thundering to the ford, and describes the sound and its meaning to Ferdia in verse, following the introductory narrative. And he was not long "until he saw something, the beautiful, flesh-seeking, four-peaked chariot, with speed, with velocity, with full cunning, with a green pavilion, with a thin-bodied, dry-bodied, high-weaponed, long-

speared, warlike *ereit* (body of the chariot); upon two fleet-bounding, large-eared, fierce, prancing, whale-bellied, broad-chested, lively-hearted, high-flanked, wide-hoofed, slender-legged, broad-rumped, resolute horses under it. A gray, broad-hipped, fleet, bounding, long-maned steed under the one yoke of the chariot. A black tufty-maned, ready-going, broad-backed steed under the other yoke. Like unto a hawk (swooping) from a cliff on a day of hard wind; or like a sweeping gust of the spring wind on a March day, over a smooth plain; or like the fleetness of a wild stag on his being first started by the hounds in his first field, were Cuchulaind's two horses with the chariot, as though they were on fiery flags; so that the earth shook and trembled with the velocity of their motion."

The heroes met at the ford—Cuchulinn is always connected with ford-fighting. They fought for three days, and on the fourth the fight was terrible and the feats grand; Cuchulinn hard pressed calls for his *gae-bolg*—a feat which Ferdia was unacquainted with, and Cuchulinn slays him. Cuchulinn mourns over his friend's body in piteous strains, and weak with grief and wounds he leaves his place at the ford, which he had defended so long and well.

Meave now passed into Ulster, seized the Donn Chualgne, and sent it to Connaught; she ravaged Ulster to the very gates of its capital, and then began to retire. But now the spell that bound the men of Ulster was broken, they woke and pursued; a great battle was fought in which, as usual, the combatants and arms are described minutely; indeed throughout the Tain we are treated to a profusion of colour—of red or yellow hair on the warriors' heads, coloured silk *leine* or blouses, mantles held by rich brooches, and finely wrought shields. The Queen was defeated, but the Donn Chualgne reached Connaught nevertheless. Here he met and killed his rival the Finnbeannach, and then escaped northward to dash out his brains against a rock, so mighty and so blind was his rage.

Passing over the story of Conlaoch meanwhile, as not being recorded so early as the foregoing events of Cuchulinn's life, we come to the wild and pathetic tale of Cuchulinn's death. Meave, determined to avenge herself on him for the Tain Bo Chualgne,

suddenly attacked him with a force that took her years to get ready. For instance, the six posthumous children of Cailletin, the magician, whom Cuchulinn killed on the Tain, appeared against him. The omens were against Cuchulinn's setting out; the divine horse, the Liath Macha, thrice turned his left side to him; he reproached the steed; "thereat the Gray of Macha came and let his big round tears of blood fall on Cuchulinn's feet." On his way, he met three crones who made him eat dog's flesh—his namesake's flesh—the last food he would ever taste. The Tuatha Dè evidently and plainly deserted him; the magician children of Cailletin had open field for their enchantments. He fell by his own spear, hurled back by the foe. But Conall Cernach came to avenge his fall; and as he came the foe saw something at a distance. "One horseman is here coming to us," said a charioteer, "and great are the speed and swiftness with which he comes. Thou wouldst deem that the ravens of Erin were above him. Thou wouldst deem that flakes of snow were specking the plain before him." "Unbeloved is the horseman that comes," says his master. "It is Conall the victorious on the Dewy-Red. The birds thou sawest above him are the sods from that horse's hoofs. The snow flakes thou sawest specking the plain before him are the foam from that horse's lips and the curbs of the bridle." Then Conall avenged the death of Cuchulinn thoroughly.

*(To be continued.)*



## ORAN LUAIDH.\*

Bha mi latha siubhal mointich ;  
Co thachair orm ach an t-oigear.  
Hoirinn dó, hi-ri ho-ró.

Dh' thaighnichd e dhìom an robh mi posda ;  
Thuir mi fhìn nach robh, gum b' òg mi.  
Hoirinn, etc.

Bha mi latha siubhal ghleannan ;  
Co thachair rium ach mo leannan.  
Hoirinn, etc.

Dh' shaighnichd e 'n e fhéin mo leannan ;  
Thuir mi fhìn nach e fear m' aire.  
Hoirinn, etc.

Gum b' annsa leam mac fir-baile,  
Chuireadh an crodh-laoigh air gleannaibh.  
Hoirinn, etc.

Na laoigh cheanna-bhreac, balla-bhreac, ballach,  
'S na làirichean le 'n cuid shearach.  
Hoirinn, etc.

'S e mo leannan Calum gaolach  
Buachaill a' chrodh-laoigh 's nan caorach.  
Hoirinn, etc.

Cha do luigh e 'n raoir fo 'n aodach  
Buachailleachd nan laogh 's nan caorach.  
Hoirinn, etc.

*Reciter*—"Chan 'eil an corr ann."

\* This interesting song has been sent us by Mr Sime, H.M.I.S., who in an accompanying note says that in the township of Callernish (Lewis) he came on six girls falling cloth sturdily and singing this ditty. "I thought," he adds, "you might like to have it and got one to repeat the words, which I took hurriedly but I think correctly. . . . There are two points in phonetics worth noticing; the *phéin* following *e* and the *fhìn* following *mi*."

## NOTES AND NEWS.

NUMBERS one and two, volume ninth, of the *Revue Celtique* have appeared since January. They are quite equal in excellence to the old standard. The editor, M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, continues his excellent and exhaustive articles on the origin of landed property in France. We hope some day to be able to publish a paper of M. de Jubainville's on the somewhat wider subject of early Celtic land tenure. There are many articles in these numbers dealing with Gaulish, Breton, and Welsh materials, and two or three which deal with the ancient Gaelic literature of Ireland. A paper by M. Duvau discusses the stories of the birth of Cuchulinn; Dr. Stokes edits a hitherto unpublished "traveller's tale," called the "Voyage of Sengus and Mac Riagla." In the second number the same scholar has an important paper on the "Materia Medica of the Mediaeval Irish," wherein he quotes Latin and Irish names of plants and other medical material chiefly from a MS. of the 14th century in the British Museum. The *Chronique* (or Notes and News) is well done, and an appreciative criticism is given of some papers appearing in the *Celtic Magazine*.

THE various Societies which are called Gaelic or are named after the Highlands appear all to have been more than ordinarily successful during this last winter and spring session. The Inverness Gaelic Society closed a very successful year's record of papers and addresses about the middle of May. The Gaelic Society of London has been discussing at various *ceilidhs* such scientific subjects as the topography of the Highlands and the Gaelic names of plants. Glasgow and Greenock have also shown commendable activity in the Gaelic cause. The Students' Celtic Societies at the four Scotch Universities were very successful this year.

It is with much regret that we have to record the death of the Rev. Allan Sinclair, M. A., Free Church minister of Kenmore, Perthshire. Mr Sinclair was not merely a good Gaelic and Highland scholar, but he was at the same time a student of general literature and a writer of great merit. He belonged to a good Highland stock. His father was Mr Robert Sinclair, for many years tenant of the farm of Borlum, Glen-Urquhart, and for a considerable time factor for the Grants of Glenmoriston. Mr Sinclair has died at the comparatively early age of sixty-eight. At the Disruption, when he had part finished his studies for the ministry, he joined the Free Church, and was soon after elected to the charge of which he continued minister all his life. Only a few weeks ago his last work, "Reminiscences, Historical and Traditional, of the Grants of Glenmoriston, with selections from the Songs and Elegies of their Bards," was issued from the press. Mr Sinclair was well up in the folk-lore and traditions of the Highlands, and on several occasions he contributed interesting and valuable articles on popular Highland subjects to the *Celtic Magazine* and other northern publications. He translated the life of Rev. Mr. MacCheyne into Gaelic, a work which has had an extensive sale. Among other things he published a Life of Dugald Buchanan and a translation of poems which were well received, and turned out very successful. Though not a scientific Celtic scholar, he had a very good knowledge, colloquial and literary, of the Gaelic language, which he spoke with accuracy and ease. He was in all respects one of our best and most popular Highlanders, and his comparatively early death will be regretted by a very wide circle of Highland friends at home and in the British Colonies.